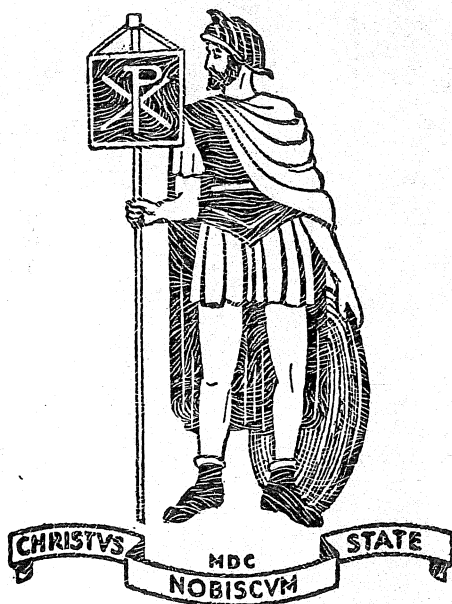


The
Alcester Grammar



School Record

December, 1947.

Alcester Grammar School Record.

No. 88.

DECEMBER, 1947.

EDITOR—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE :

SONIA SHORE, MARY ROWLAND, JOSEPHINE FINDON, MCCARTHY i,
PRESTIDGE, STEVENI.

DEATH OF MR. CATON.

The death of Mr. C. T. Lear Caton, which occurred with tragic suddenness on September 8th, threw a gloom over all at the beginning of the present term. Mr. Caton, apparently in the best of health, had been busy all day making preparations for the opening of school next morning. A little before seven o'clock he cycled to Kinwarton House, and shortly after his arrival there he collapsed and died. Even now we have not recovered from the profound shock produced by the news of his death at the early age of 43, and it is still almost impossible to realise that we shall no more see him in our midst.

Mr. Caton, a native of Birmingham, received his early education at King Edward's School, where he was leading boy of the mathematical sets for three successive years. At sixteen he secured the leaving exhibition and in 1921 won an entrance scholarship at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1925 his name appeared in the list of Wranglers at Cambridge University. In passing Schedule 'B' with distinction he gained the then highest award obtainable by a mathematician. He was awarded his London University M.Sc. with distinction, and for two years was a member of the Cavendish Physical Research at Cambridge, and also a director of mathematical studies at St. Catherine's College. He was appointed to the Staff of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys at Bushey, and in January, 1930 became senior mathematical master at Warwick School. When Mr. E. Wells resigned the position of headmaster at Alcester Grammar School, Mr. Caton was appointed to succeed him.

As headmaster, his ability for organisation showed itself from the first, and with the school expanding rapidly there was ample room for this quality. The effects of the Second World War provided a host of problems for many Grammar Schools, and hardly any of these was Mr. Caton allowed to escape. Teachers came and went in rapid succession. Evacuees coming into the district had to be found places in the school, stretching our resources to their limit; and further, and at first sight insuperable complications were

THE OLD SCHOLARS' GUILD.

<i>Hon. Secretary :</i>	<i>President :</i>	<i>Hon. Treasurer :</i>
P. E. WHEELER.	STUART WRIGHT.	E. A. FINNEMORE.

The Committee send Christmas Greetings and every good wish for the New Year to all Old Scholars wherever they may be.

Death of Mr. Caton.

It is with much regret that we report the death of Mr. Caton. The President of the Guild writes: "It must have been a shock to old Scholars to hear of the sudden and unexpected death of Mr. Caton on the 8th September last. In his unobtrusive, yet kindly and considerate way, Mr. Caton considerably helped the Guild in its reformation and organisation of its Reunions. I am sure every Old Scholar will join with me in conveying to Mrs. Caton and her children our deepest sympathy in their tragic loss."

Retirement of Miss Evans : Summer Re-union 1947.

The Summer Reunion was held at the School, on Saturday, the 19th July Last. Every effort had been made to make the occasion worthy of its Guest of Honour—Miss Evans—who was to attend for the last time in her capacity as a member of the Staff.

The proceedings were to open at 2-30 p.m. with a Mixed Doubles Tennis Tournament, but unfortunately the rain which had fallen earlier in the day prevented any play until about an hour later. Those Old Scholars who had braved the elements then began the tournament. The winning couple were Tim Collins and Sheila Careless. At the same time, a mixed Cricket Match was in progress on the front playing field, and caused much merriment from the point of view of both spectators and players. (Incidentally, a certain very senior lady member of the Committee still boasts of her "15 runs not out").

Everything stopped for tea, announced with all formality and with the aid of Percy Burden's loud-speaker equipment, and delightfully served in the Canteen. Mr. and Mrs. Wells and Janet Wells arrived shortly afterwards.

At 6.30 p.m. a short variety Concert took place in the Canteen. This contained items to suit the taste of all and was much enjoyed by those who had the opportunity to see it. By this time, the weather, which earlier had been rather disappointing, was glorious and it was in a blaze of sunshine that Old Scholars gathered for the presentation ceremony on the football field. Old Scholars ranged themselves in a semi-circle around a centre table. This was a most imposing sight.

Old Scholars representative of almost every year of Miss Evans' thirty-six years service with the School were present. Miss Evans was then escorted to a central seat by the President of the Guild and Harold Mander and received a terrific ovation.

The President in most eloquent terms paid a preliminary tribute to the work of Miss Evans and explained that so long and illustrious a career could not adequately be summarised by one speaker and so three Old Scholars, each representative of a span of ten years or so, would be called upon to pay tribute to her work. Accordingly, John Stuart spoke of Miss Evans' last ten years at the School; Diana Hunt referred to the middle period and finally Harold Mander recalled the early days of the School. Many congratulatory telegrams had been received from Old Scholars and these were read out.

The President then handed to Miss Evans the farewell gifts of the Old Scholars—a solid silver tea service and a gramophone, both of which gifts Miss Evans had herself chosen. Such was the tumultuous reception accorded to Miss Evans when she rose to speak, that those nearest to her thought the occasion would prove too much, but with an effort, so characteristic of her, Miss Evans shook off her emotion, and in a charming speech, full of that wit and kindly understanding so familiar to Old Scholars who knew her intimately, suitably replied.

The whole gathering, which numbered almost two hundred, then assembled in the Canteen ready for the Supper which was held in honour of Miss Evans. In order that Mr. Wells, who had to return to Oxford that night, might get away at a reasonable time, the Toasts of the evening were taken first. In a speech full of happy reminiscences, Mr. Wells proposed the Toast to Miss Evans, who replied. The President of the Guild proposed the Toast of "The School," to which Mr. Caton replied and Mr. G. R. Mason (Chairman of the Governors of the School) proposed the Toast of "The Guild" and Geoffrey Baylis replied.

After Supper, those with sufficient energy left, adjourned to the Hall for dancing to the music of "The Georgians' Dance Band." Although she must have been terribly tired, Miss Evans saw the whole programme through and it was at just after midnight that the Hall echoed to the uproarious "send-off" which the assembly gave her. Thus did this historic Reunion come to an end.

Old Scholars will like to know that Miss Evans saw the Secretary before leaving Alcester and expressed her appreciation of the splendid way in which her farewell to Old Scholars had been organised and her final remark was: "No one could have had a more magnificent send off."

At the Business Meeting held at the Summer Reunion, the only important point discussed was that as to whether wives who are old Scholars should be allowed to bring their husbands who are not old Scholars and vice versa. After a lively discussion, a proposition that the wives and husbands of old Scholars should be allowed to attend Reunions was defeated by 86 votes to 12.

The Guild will play the School at football on the afternoon of Saturday, December 13th, which is the date of the Winter Reunion. Great difficulty is being experienced in getting an Old Scholars team. This is because many Old Scholars are playing for local teams and cannot get off to play for the Guild.

WINTER REUNION—13th December, 1947.

Despite petrol rationing, the Committee have decided to carry on holding the Reunions. It is felt that after all the hard work of reforming the Guild and the magnificent support given to it by Old Scholars, the Guild simply **MUST GO ON**.

It is quite probable that before this Magazine comes to hand the Reunion will already have been held. Invitations will be sent out to all members of the Guild who have paid subscriptions, and an advertisement will also be put in each of the local newspapers. Old Scholars, it is hoped, will keep in touch with the Guild and send along their subscriptions even if they are unable to attend because of the difficulty of travel. The Committee suggest that the Guild is built up both in numbers and financially, so that when travel is once more normal we may hold a truly representative Reunion.

As a final note, the Committee ask those Old Scholars who are life members of the Guild to send their names to the Secretary, since no record exists at the moment. An invitation may then be sent to each Life Member to attend the Reunions. It is impossible to send an express invitation to Life Members to attend unless we have a list of them.

OLD SCHOLARS' NEWS.

Among Old Scholars who have recently joined the Forces are D. Eadie, E. Gray (R.A.F.), H. Hadwen, J. Mole (Fleet Air Arm), H. Knight (Navy), D. Wood, P. Steveni (Army).

D. Moizer is in the R.E. and has passed a War Office selection board with a view to obtaining a Commission.

June Walker has qualified by examination as a teacher of ballet. She is now a Member of the Royal Academy of Dancing.

Audrey Butt has gained a B.A. of London University with second class honours.

R. H. Arnold has obtained a B.A. with third class honours at Durham University.

S. K. Walker has been awarded his M.A. degree at Cambridge University.

Lydia Bond (*nee* Earp) was a delegate of the Combined English Universities Conservative Association at the recent Conservative Conference at Brighton.

D. Gwynne-Jones is taking a year's course in education at London University.

F. H. Sisam is now in Canada.

E. Betteridge is now Captain of the Canadian Government ship, the "William J. Stewart."

N. Hull has been awarded a scholarship at the Harper Adams' Agricultural College.

Old Scholars will wish P. G. Chatterley a speedy and complete recovery from the infantile paralysis from which he has recently been suffering.

BIRTHS.

On June 21st, to Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Holme (*nee* Georgina Miles)—a son.

On July 19th to Mr. and Mrs. S. Ison—a son.

On July 26th, to Mr. and Mrs. E. L. L. Earp—a daughter.

On August 26th, to Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Parsons (*nee* Phyllis Houghton)—a son.

On August 31st, to Mr. and Mrs. K. Grubb—a daughter.

On November 9th, to Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Lester—a son.

MARRIAGES.

On July 19th, at Coventry, Daniel Alan Hanson (scholar 1931-36) to Joan Iliffe.

On August 9th, at Haselor, Robert Cahn to Patricia Lois Hanson (scholar 1931-36).

On August 16th, at Inkberrow, Edward Henry Savage (scholar 1927-29) to Constance Marguerite Taylor (scholar 1931-36).

On August 25th, at Alcester, Clifford Allport to Winifred Mary Austin (scholar 1935-43).

On September 4th, at Studley, Geoffrey Shephard to Janet Mary Hill (scholar 1935-40).

On September 6th, at Alcester, Ronald Beman Biddle (scholar 1931-37) to Sheila Jessie Lampitt.

On September 13th, at Mappleborough Green, Donald Graham Knight to Patricia Sybil Midlane (scholar 1932-42).

On September 19th, at Webheath, Harry Royston Mainwaring to Elizabeth Lang Smith (scholar 1931-34).

On September 24th at Horsham, Joseph Silvester Moore (scholar 1927-36) to Florence Ena Grinsty.

On November 8th, at Salford Priors, Desmond Howard Pott to Vera Joan Hansell (scholar 1935-40).

RETIREMENT OF MISS EVANS.

At the end of last term we said "good-bye" to Miss E. E. Evans, when she retired from teaching. Miss Evans was one of the original members of the small Staff with which the present co-educational school opened in 1912, and during her first years at Alcester she was occupied in teaching a wide range of subjects, extending from junior arithmetic to senior Latin and scripture. In those early days she was able to give considerable attention to handwriting, and, herself the possessor of a firm and characterful style, she was largely responsible for the reputation which the school gained for the excellence of its written work. For many years, too, Miss Evans was in charge of the girls' games and under her coaching the teams achieved success both at hockey and at tennis. As the School grew in numbers, she was able to devote her time more fully to English and History, and in control of this latter

subject she continued until her retirement. When Economics was introduced into the curriculum of the Upper School, she taught it with great enthusiasm. On the death of Miss Deans, Miss Evans became Senior Mistress, a position which she held until her retirement.

It was largely by reason of Miss Evans's energy and enthusiasm that the Modern Studies side of the School became so strong and successful. A long sequence of Open Scholarships in History testify to her ability as a teacher.

Her success in preparing her pupils lay largely in her wide interests and in her refusal to be cramped by syllabuses; the history she taught was not "bookish" but something much more comprehensive. In this connection mention must be made of the long series of debates over which she presided, and from which those taking part derived such great benefit.

Miss Evans had the skill of the born teacher to interest her pupils in whatever subject she was teaching. Her classes were models of what classes should be. She set a very high standard for all work, and woe betide the boy or girl who failed to make a steady effort to reach that standard! For Miss Evans's tongue could have a sting, to which many of her pupils—and perhaps especially those who secured the highest honours—can bear witness.

Nor is it only for her work in the classroom that Miss Evans will be long remembered at A.G.S. She was untiring in her insistence on the supreme importance of character in all those with whom she had to deal. She encouraged them, both by example and precept, to have high ideals; and good conduct was to her even more important than good study.

Finally, no appreciation of Miss Evans's work at A.G.S. can be complete without reference to the work which she did with Miss Deans to develop interest in Arts and Crafts. The Arts and Crafts competitions, the results of which have for many years been seen on Sports Days, are a unique feature of this school, and have been of inestimable educational value for those many girls and boys who have taken part in them. The organisation of Arts and Crafts has occupied countless hours of Miss Evans's time each year, and the successful displays bear unmistakable evidence of the high standard of achievement that these competitions have encouraged.

In thanking Miss Evans for all that she has done for and given to the school we wish her a long and happy retirement and good health to enjoy it.

RECRUITS—'SHUN!!!!

EPISODE 1.

So you are joining the Army and you feel a little apprehensive perhaps as to what the future really holds in store for you. The idea of this Article is to tell you briefly how the Army works; its system of selection and a few do's and don'ts.

After registration, the first indication that you have not been forgotten will be your calling-up for medical examination. This is nothing to worry about ; no quarts of blood extracted or anything like that. Your medical grade will depend upon the result of this examination. There will then follow an interview with an Officer of the Service which you are joining—*e.g.* Navy, Army or Air Force. He asks about education ; what Certificates you hold ; what your ambitions are and so on. You will also be asked to state which Primary Training Centre you prefer.

Several weeks afterwards, your calling-up papers will arrive, upon which will be stated the date you are to report and the location of the P.T.C. (the Army abbreviation for Primary Training Centre). Usually a fortnight is given for the "winding-up" of civilian affairs. You will find enclosed a railway warrant which entitles you to a free ride (!!) to the P.T.C. on the train, together with a postal order for 4/-, representing one day's pay. Most likely your P.T.C. will be at Norton Barracks, Worcester, or Budbrooke Barracks, Warwick.

The first few days of Army life are somewhat bewildering. Kit will be issued together with battle dress, denims, underclothes, socks, boots, towels, brushes and so on. You will write your number on dozens of forms. You will receive your rifle—and clean it.

P.T.C. training is a modern idea. During the last war, it was sometimes necessary in a tight corner (*e.g.* when a H.Q. was surprised by mobile forces) for every man-jack to go into action. Many cooks, clerks, drivers and other men engaged on like jobs, had scarcely handled a rifle, let alone a machine gun. It was decided that, for the future, all men on enlistment should do six weeks Primary Training during which they would be taught elementary drill, the use of the rifle and other weapons of modern warfare.

While at the P.T.C. you will be in the General Service Corps Regiment. During this course it is decided which branch of the Army (*e.g.* Signals, Royal Engineers, Infantry, etc.) can make most use of your particular talent and inclinations. At some time during the first fortnight or so you will be told to take off your battle-order, lay aside your rifle and bayonet and, armed only with a pencil, go into action against the "intelligence tests." The results are noted and passed on to the P.S.O. (Personnel Selection Officer) with whom you will have an interview. He will ask you many questions about yourself, your hobbies, your favourite sports and the like. Do not be afraid to tell him, especially about your sporting activities (remember the section Officer usually has a soft spot for his "star" footballer). You will be asked what you would like to do in the Army, and helpful suggestions will be made. For example, if you fancy driving a tank or learning to be a motor-

mechanic, advice will be given having regard to how you fared in the intelligence tests. You are given three choices in order of preference of particular Arms of the Service into which you would like to go, and quite a good deal of notice is taken of these choices, for the Army knows that a happy soldier works best.

The P.S.O. may also give you a grading for promotion. The highest is O.R. 1. (meaning Officer Rating One) ; another is N.C.O.1 meaning Non-Commissioned Officer Rating One ; all of which ratings are based on your abilities. This grading is most important, since it is entered on your " documents," which follow you wherever you are posted

The recruits at a P.T.C. are naturally a very mixed crowd and range from ex-Borstal boys and " spivs " to intellectuals. I was fortunate enough to have a barber occupy the next bed to me—try to keep clear of the " camp " barber until you have seen some of his work, for he is usually far more efficient than artistic.

You will find milkmen (early risers these !!), plumbers, painter's mates, clerks, school-boys and anyone else you can think of amongst your pals. And here is interposed a word of warning—at this stage, always keep your kit locked up, since the Quarter-master lends a most unsympathetic ear to the complaint that something " has been stolen." However, join in with the rest and extract every ounce of fun you can from your new life.

There is a grand spirit of comradeship in the Army and it is too good to be missed. The only competitions at the P.T.C. are organised on the basis of Huts, Platoons or Companies and thus in helping out your pals you are in effect helping your Hut, Platoon or Company as the case may be.

During this primary training you will be under the command of a Hut L/Cpl. a Platoon Cpl., and Plt. Sgt., and there will be an officer, who is usually a Lt. to every two or three platoons. These Officers and N.C.O.'s are especially picked and they are usually very decent types of men. You must play the game by them and they can, and will, do a great deal to help you.

The art of " spit and polish " should be acquired from the very first and you are advised to get your kit up to a good standard as soon as possible. There are plenty of extra duties to be done, and they frequently go to the soldier with a badly-kept kit. A bit of hard work at first will save much more later on and quite a few extra duties as well. Week-end passes for home also go to the smart soldier.

When you have finished P.T.C. you will be posted to your Regiment or Corps Training establishment where you will do more drill and P.T., and also learn your " trade " e.g. driver, fitter, instrument mechanic and so on. During this time, if you were graded by the P.S.O. as O.R.1 you will attend War Office Selection Board with a view to future training for a Com-

mission. Some men prefer to remain in the ranks and for them there are the various N.C.O.'s and Instructors' Courses.

In conclusion, even at the risk of being accused of "preaching," a few hints about Army life in general. First and foremost—do as you are told straight away and always; fix your standard of decent behaviour and stick to it and finally, and perhaps as important as any other advice, keep smiling: you'll get through. In the words of the "regular" soldier: "The first ten years are the worst!!" Best of Luck.

SAPPER J.D.M.

"MONEY FOR JAM."

Tommy Jones and Billy Smith were wandering aimlessly down the main street. Holidays were all right if you had some money, but when you hadn't they could be exceedingly boring. They were passing the lemonade shop when they were arrested by a notice which ran as follows: "Owing to the shortage of lemonade bottles, one penny will be paid for each bottle handed over the counter." It was the answer to a prayer. All they had to do was go round the houses and inquire whether or not the tenants had any empty lemonade bottles. The whole thing was money for jam. They decided to part company and work systematically through each street.

Their efforts were not without reward, and soon their pockets began to jingle to the tune of small change. People were very obliging, with one or two exceptions, such as the pleasant old man who threatened to set his bulldog at them if they disturbed him again.

About three or four days after the start of operations, Billy Smith was walking down a road when he suddenly saw a small hole in the fence. Fences with holes in them had a peculiar attraction to Billy, and this one proved no exception. He looked to see if anyone was coming and then poked his head through. The sight that met his eyes made him gasp. If it had been a gold mine it could not have pleased him more, for, not three yards away from him was a large pile of lemonade bottles. His first impulse was to rush to his friend, but Billy was somewhat mercenary, and on second thoughts decided to keep the find to himself. The shop was only just round the corner, and he could soon smuggle the bottles out of the garden. They would yield him bags of money.

He was kept very busy all morning carrying bottles to the shop, but imagine his dismay when, after lunch, the notice had been taken away. They didn't want any more bottles, and the pile was of no further use. He wandered back to the hole in the fence and gazed dolefully at the pile of wealth that at one time was going to be his. Suddenly a heavy hand fell

upon his shoulder. He spun round to confront a burly policeman, who took him firmly by the collar and marched him off to the station.

Billy told his side of the story somewhat tearfully. He didn't see any harm in taking bottles that were not wanted.

"The shop was just round the corner, was it?" asked the policeman. "Then where do you suppose the people who keep the shop live?"

Billy supposed they lived just round the corner.

"Then whose garden do you suppose the bottles were in?"

Billy supposed they were in the garden belonging to the lemonade shop.

"Exactly. And why do you suppose they were there?"

As Billy didn't suppose, the policeman answered for him. "They were there because the shopkeeper had more bottles than he wanted. Then he caught sight of someone taking the bottles, and he soon realized that he was paying twice or three times over for one bottle, so he naturally called me in to investigate the matter."

He drew himself up to his full height and frowned down on the culprit.

"If you hand me all your money, we'll say no more this time. If not, well..."

"Money for jam!" groaned Billy Smith "Money for Jam!"

SONIA SHORE (vi.).

PANTASAPH MONASTERY.

During our annual holiday this year, which we spent in North Wales, we visited several places of interest, as is our usual custom. Having travelled to our holiday resort by road, we were very fortunate in having a car at our disposal.

The most famous place that we visited was Pantasaph Monastery, which is in the district of Holywell. From Holywell, a very well-known Welsh town, we journeyed along the Old St. Asaph Road, passing through Gorsedd, about three miles beyond which we finally sighted the beautiful hamlet of Pantasaph, nestling high up amidst "the stormy hills of Wales." Pantasaph is not itself on the mountain tops, but is a hollow in the hills, a hollow of St. Asaph. It became famous about eighty years ago, and many pilgrims visiting this place take back with them either pebbles of the 'Via Crucis' or withered leaves from the trees.

As we entered the monastery grounds by the main avenue, the first place of interest which met us was the Pilgrim's Hall. This is used for providing teas and meals for the pilgrims who have travelled from afar. On the day when we visited Pantasaph, we saw many blind pilgrims, who were being escorted around the monastery by Nuns. At the head of the avenue stands the Guest House, which is now a house of

retreat for laymen and members of the secular Clergy. This house is linked to the Church by the monastery. The Church, a Gothic building, is dedicated to the Patron Saint of Wales, Saint David.

Leaving the graveyard and passing the Guest House on the right, we saw an avenue which leads to the Calvary or Way of the Cross. On either side of the Calvary entrance are statues of St. Francis and St. Anthony. This Calvary consists of a zig-zag path, on which are erected the fourteen stations, in tiny chapels about a hundred yards distant from one another. The paths were hewn and laid out by the 'Brothers of the Community.' On the top of the mount stands the Calvary proper, an impressive group in bronze. Returning to the first station, we saw the 'Lady's Grotto,' which is an imitation of the celebrated Grotto of our Lady at Lourdes. The Friars, who form the Community of Pantasaph are Friars Minor of the Copuchin Reform, a branch of the first Franciscan Order. The Community comprises priests, laymen, brothers and novices. On entering the Monastery and the graveyard we saw two Friars, dressed in brown habits and very simple brown sandals. These two Friars were gardening and trimming the graves which were overgrown with weeds and grass.

We then made our way towards a building, similar to a repository, in which were kept holy pictures, view cards of Pantasaph, holy Statues, Rosary Beads, and many other religious things. After making our purchases we returned to the car, having spent a most enjoyable afternoon, and adding the name 'Pantasaph Monastery' to the places of interest which we had visited.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON (Upp. Va).

SHOCKS.

It was a cold windy night in October. Old Simon was sitting in the old armchair by the fire, peacefully smoking his pipe. His wife, Martha, was washing up the supper things in the kitchen.

"It's funny," mused Simon, "But although this house has a reputation of being haunted, and we've lived here for almost a year, we've never seen or heard of any spooks."

Just then a door banged somewhere upstairs. Then suddenly without any warning the lights went out, and—bang, clatter, thump, and then a scream echoed through the house, and the wind roared in the chimney.

"Ghosts," thought Simon, and shook like a leaf; pulling himself together, he groped about for some matches. Then he heard a groan, the window rattled and the kitchen door banged. Just as he found the matches, the lights came on again, Simon flung open the kitchen door, and stepped into a pool of boiling water; his wife was just getting up off the floor.

" Did I give you a fright, dear ? " she said, " I tripped over your shoes and dropped the kettle."

MARY BURROWS (Low. Va.).

A WELL-SPENT AFTERNOON.

About once a week in the Autumn many ladies can be seen going into the Gas Show rooms in Redditch at three o'clock in the afternoon. They aren't going to pay their bills, or to buy new gas stoves ; they are going to the free demonstrations given by the ' Ladies Gas Circle ' demonstrator. She tries to teach them all how to bottle fruit, make jam, bake cakes and make pickles.

The afternoon I went, the demonstrator was making cream eclairs, and I was one of the " lucky tasters." It was very nice and I was sorry I couldn't bring some home.

About an hour-and-a-half after the ladies go in the door opens and out they come, clutching printed leaflets and chattering about the recipes which they will soon be making for their families. Then they hurriedly glance at the Church clock and rush for their buses and for home.

JILL KEMPSTER (Upp. IVa).

USELESS.

Madame Defarge and . . . and . . . Madame Defarge and . . . and Monsieur her . . . and Monsieur . . . her husband . . . husband returned amicably . . . returned amicably to the bosom . . . to the bosom . . . the bosom of . . . of Saint Antoine, Saint Antoine, while a speck . . . a speck in a blue . . . a blue cap toiled . . .

" It's no use doing homework in the 'bus."

E. A. WARD (Upp. IVb.).

NOTES AND NEWS.

The Autumn term opened on Tuesday, September 9th.

Mr. V. V. Druller is Acting-Headmaster pending the appointment of a successor to Mr. Caton.

At the closing Assembly in July cricket caps were presented to Adkins i. and Woodfield, and tennis colours to the members of the 1st VI. : (J. Garner, B. Harris, J. Kerby, J. Preston, M. Rowland and Z. Mason).

In the debate on Friday, July 18th, the Motion that " Britain is as great as she ever was, and will continue to be so " was defeated by 24 votes to 23.

In the final of the Gold Medal tennis tournament, Joyce Garner beat Janet Kerby, 3-6, 6-3, 6-4.

The senior girls' tennis tournament was played on Wednesday, July 16th, and the junior tournament on Friday, July 18th.

The Cricket Sides matches resulted as follows :—Tomtits 39, Brownies 43 for 2 ; Brownies 60 for 7, Jackals 54 ; Jackals 76, Tomtits 69.

Budden is Head Boy, and Sonia Shore Head Girl.

This term the Sides Captains are :—*Brownies*, McCarthy i. S. Goulbourne (Arts and Crafts), V. Smith (Sports) ; *Jackals*, Hunt i, M. Canning (Arts and Crafts), J. Preston (Sports) ; *Tomtits*, Budden, M. Rowland (Arts and Crafts), D. Bailey (Sports).

With the end of last term the Preparatory Department was finally closed. The lowest forms in the School are now the Thirds.

The History Room has this term become the form room of Upper Va.

We welcome to the Staff this term Miss H. M. Hewitt to teach Girls physical exercises and history ; Miss V. P. B. Johnson to teach biology and games ; Mr. D. Mackenzie to teach history ; Mr. R. J. Walton to teach mathematics.

Congratulation to Eadie i, who has gained a State Scholarship on the result of his Higher School Certificate examination ;

Also to Gray i, who obtained a County Scholarship on the result of the same examination.

Half-term was Friday, October 24th and Monday to Friday, October 27th to 31st.

The four volumes of the " Victoria County History of Warwickshire " have been presented to the school by the Warwickshire Education Committee.

We wish to acknowledge with gratitude the gift of books to the Fiction Library by Diana Hunt, Margaret Crouch, Diana Thompson, Horseman, Crawford and Malin.

The prefects this term are :—*Boys* (senior) : Budden, McCarthy i., Adkins i., Hill i., Prestidge ; (junior) : Evans,

Hartwell, Holifield, Kempster. *Girls* (senior) : Sonia Shore, Mary Rowland, Dorothy Rose ; (junior) : Anne Rogers, Joan Savage, Mary Woods, Anne Rutter, Josephine Preston, Sylvia Goulbourne, Valerie Smith, Barbara Heighway, Brenda Mitchell, Bernice Cantrill, Kathleen Hodges, Vera Stallard, Josephine Findon, Sheila Leech.

During the half term holiday, Upper IVa. and IIIb classrooms were redecorated.

Thanks to J. H. Gittus for his gift of a number of silica crucibles to the Chemistry laboratory.

On Thursday, November 20th, the school was closed in celebration of the Royal Wedding. In the afternoon, a large party of pupils attended a Special Matinee given by the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon.

The sale of poppies for Earl Haig's Fund in the school realised £5 13s. 7d.

DAYDREAMS AND REALITY.

Fifteenth of May, 1930, I wrote in my exercise book and underlined it. " Now turn to the map on page 20 " said our teacher, and obediently, but without any great looking forward to what I would find there, I turned to page twenty. The sunlight streamed through the windows of the classroom and lit up the particles of chalk which hovered in the air around the blackboard. Five and twenty other pairs of hands scuffed the pages of their map-books and found page twenty, then with a covert whisper here and there, a muffled sigh or two, the class settled down to an hour of geography study. An air of torpor was present, it was so soon after the lunchtime sandwiches and the last stages of digestion were going on, hands were lifted to hide somewhat sleepy yawns.

Outside, a car passed by and I looked towards the window, hoping to see it. The window was set too high for me to see through—of course, I thought bitterly, they built it too high purposely. So bereft of passing sights, I looked at the map—there is nothing else to do, continued my thoughts, except to pay attention and hope that the time will fly, the bell will ring, books be put away, and a rush to change classrooms for that last, short period of the afternoon, and after that—freedom, and all the time in the world in which to wander home in the sunshine and greenery of mid-May.

The map, I saw, was the map of Egypt. Under our teacher's supervision we began to follow and trace the course of the Nile, to hear about the irrigation, to learn what grew in Egypt, to

learn what did not grow in Egypt. I listened, and made notes, and with that part of me which wasn't paying attention, I indulged in my own private day-dream of the East. I looked towards the window—the one which was too high for me to see through—and saw the East framed there. The East of my mind's eye, a veritable patch-work quilt of imagination a verse of Kipling, the philosophy of the Rubiyat of Omar Khayyam, tall minarets and the Faithful praying with their faces turned towards Mecca, the smell of spices, the pictures on Date boxes, and the camels at the Zoo such was the East that I saw framed in that out-of-reach window on a May afternoon.

Fifteenth of May, 1947, reads the date in my diary, and under it, the entry . . . 'had dinner with the Omda (Headman) of the Green Village' (cannot remember its Arabic name). It is a village to the left of the Giza pyramids of Egypt' Now, I looked towards another window and could see through it! That is, I could see through it as well as mosquito netting allows one to see through anything! I thought of those old geography lessons, and of how I never dreamed that day when I traced the course of the Nile with my own lead pencil and emptied it into the Mediterranean sea, that one day I would stand exactly at that spot. Never dreamed that one day my East of Poet's phrases and Date box pictures would stand to be enhanced or debunked by the real thing. I ruminated on all these things, and thought again of that dinner with the Omda of the Green Village . . .

The dinner at the Green Village was a new kind of dinner for me, the invitation had come from a friend who asked me if I would like an Egyptian meal in an Egyptian village setting. I said yes, though at the time I was not at all sure as to what I was saying 'yes' to! That same evening we loaded ourselves into the Lincoln and sped away along the road. It was a beautiful evening, clear and with stars, a small breeze shook the palm fronds with the delicacy of an elegant lady waving her fan. On either side of us graceful palm trees were silhouetted against the evening sky. Soon the outlines of the massive Pyramids grew blacker, larger and more solid in front of us.

At the roadside cafe we drew up, calling "Ali, Ali, is Ali there?" and out of the rather ramshackle building, through the aperture in lieu of a door, strode Ali. The whitest thing about him was his turban—it made the Persil advertisement look merely muddy! The blackest thing about him was his Galabeyah, that long robe with wide loose sleeves which the men of the East wear over their striped-silk, buttoned waistcoats and long, white cotton trousers. Between these shades of black and white, was Ali himself, a dark Arab somewhat the colour of cafe-au-lait, but with too much lait! He was a big man, tall and stately, and he came towards us swinging

his arms so that the sleeves of his galabeyah swung back and showed the fine striped silk with which they were lined.

We made room for him in the car, and once more tore onwards. Soon we stopped, but this time to take an almost too sharp turn to the left onto what seemed to be just a dusty, dried mud track, but which was nevertheless, the road to the village. This road was very narrow for being used by nothing wider than a camel it had no need for width. Our car was huge and the journey began to be precarious and sometimes precipitous. Eventually we reached the boundaries of the village, and here we left the car and took to Shank's pony, for the road was now beyond car performance. We met the village constable, he was overwhelmed by a too large khaki overcoat which he wore, and over-topped by his rifle, which was quite the longest rifle in the world—at least, it seemed so to me. He was put in charge of the car, and stayed to guard it, while we and various tribesmen who had gathered at the boundaries moved on to the village proper. We tottered over the very uneven ground, until we were right in the middle of the village street, which was silent and deserted. There were no lights at all, and everything was wrapped in quietness and dusk. Here, the street was so narrow, it was possible to hold out both arms and touch either side, only occasionally did we pass anyone, and when that someone was a woman, she would stop and hide her face against the wall until we had passed. We could dimly see the shops, not the plate glass and chromium efforts of the West, but mud and plaster narrow places, all barred and locked for the night. There was a very ghostly feeling about these dim greenish mud-brick buildings, and soon the dogs of the village sensed our presence, and put up a great wailing. These yellow coloured dogs would slink out of the shadows, or appear on the tops of the flat roofed buildings, wail, and move off again, and we would still be stumbling on over that very gradeless street. We reached the building in which a light shone, the first light we had seen, and this was our destination. This building was the village Guest House and was the place where all the communal hospitality was dispensed. Almost every village has such a house as this, where relatives, friends and visitors are fed and entertained.

We went inside and there I saw the lamp which was lighting the room. It was a lamp built like a hurricane lamp, but working on the primus-stove principle, it had a mantle fragile as a moth's wing, and in its way was as wonderful as Aladdin's lamp. It hissed, and lit the room, and I saw that we were in a mud-brick building with an earthen floor, and apertures in the walls for windows. There were some plush dining chairs, a small round table, and a small carpet. We sat down on the chairs, and in the shadows I could see that there were various other people seated crosslegged on the floor. These were

Ali's sons and relatives, and one by one we were introduced to them. Ali told us that he had seven children, three sons and four daughters. We met the sons, but not the daughters, for it is not the custom here for the female members of the family to take part in social gatherings. The daughters and their mother, Ali's wife, would be busy in their house preparing the food which we were to eat later. One of the sons brought in a primus stove, set it on the floor and squatting beside it, started the tea making ceremony. The tea is taken without milk, and served in small glasses, very sweet and not very strong. You must always take what is offered you, and it is very impolite to refuse the second or third cup which are part of the ritual. One boy brought in the Goza which I can only describe as the communal pipe! This goza was a triumph of American Imports and Eastern ingenuity, for it consisted of an American Lager Beer tin, with a wooden stool leg and a length of bamboo cane, fixed and contrived so that it was a workable goza. The boys cooked the material for the Goza over the primus, lit it, and it was passed around to those of the male members who wished to smoke. And so we sat, and drank, and smoked and talked, of crops and customs and the affairs of men.

Then the food was brought in! Not the traditional Camel stuffed with a sheep, stuffed with a goose, stuffed with a chicken, stuffed with a quail, but a very large and adequate roasted goose reposing on a large tray. Other vegetables and sauces were also brought in. No plates, no knives, no forks, nothing but the dish in which the food was served, and a spoon each. We ate in communal manner, each digging his spoon into the dish he fancied; the goose was eaten last. Ali took the goose in his hands, and tore it into pieces in a very able manner, the Eastern equivalent of carving the joint! He divided the pieces amongst us, and very soon I had a fair amount of goose grease dripping from my chin, for I wasn't very practised in the ways of Eastern table manners, we managed all the eating with just one spoon and both hands! After eating we went to the gourd of water which was standing in the corner of the room, and first, lathering our hands with soap, were secondly served by a little boy who lifted the gourd and poured water over our hands to rinse the soap away. Then we had more tea, and more talk, and later took our leave.

With many elaborate farewells, we commenced the walk back to our car. The foxy looking dog rose from his corner in the room where he had been eating the goose bones which we had thrown to him, and followed us, slinking along at our side. One of Ali's sons led the way holding a lamp before him, as by this time it was darker than when we came. In the village street we passed a solitary woman who had her baby sitting on her shoulders. She hid her face against the wall until we had passed. At the car a crowd had gathered to wish

us Godspeed ; they ran alongside the car until we were well away from the village, then waved a last goodbye, and we turned the car homewards.

This meal in an Egyptian village was one aspect of the East which was not in my nineteen thirty day-dream. It was neither a poet's verse nor a master's philosophy, nor yet the highly coloured picture on a Date-box. But the camels ! Well, they at least were dependable for they were not one whit different from the camels at the Zoo ! And as is the case when one exchanges day-dreams for reality, something in the imagination is lost, but something is gained in experience.

August 12th, 1947.

WINIFRED KESSEY.

FINGAL'S CAVE.

Back, in defeat we plod along,
Two thousand miles, from the Stuka's reach,
Back in defeat we plod along,
To where the Nile laps the Med's soft beach,
But now my thoughts fly far away,
Across the din of old Europe's fray,
Back to my homely Hebrides,
To a wild rough sea and Atlantic breeze.

The well-known song comes back to me,
Of new spring tides coming in so free,
From far out there across the bay,
Where small grey seals on the skerries play,
To where they rush like galloping horse,
Rolling and turning and gathering force
To smash with a rush and a crash on the rocks,
And then ebb away while the cliff still mocks.

Then deep from the cave comes the murmuring groan,
Rising and swelling in overtone.
From the red rocks which look like pipes,
Round and tall of pillar types,
Hung with lichens of green and gold,
Like the cathedral columns of old,
Comes the rich music of the waves
Which lap the pillared walls of the caves.

Then, leaving the sweet mild summer swell,
My thoughts fly back to the winter's hell,
When the shriek of the rushing wind is high
As it hurls right in with gathering cry,
Like the maelstrom spirits entrapped within,
And adds to the shrieking thunderous din,
Till the pent-up forces with crashing war
Rush back down to the thundering shore.

This is the music of Fingal's Cave,
Which during this torrid desert's lave,
Sounds to me like a holy choir,
Right here in the heat of the enemies' fire.
So you at home remember now,
That if I never turn my brow,
Again to the wild wet stinging spray,
To say that I had on this day
A glimpse of the glory that is to come,
When the labour of life is over and done.

W. P. MCCARTHY (VI.).

STRATFORD MOP.

Stratford Mop was a wonderful sight,
Morning, afternoon and night ;
The Jenny horses, and Speedway too,
Bringing pleasure to me and you.

Our ears are deafened by shrieks and shouts,
Really I think, without any doubts,
That the smell of hot-dogs and fish and chips,
Makes you heartily smack your lips !

KATHLEEN HIGHMAN (IIIa).

THE RIVER.

The river is a lovely thing,
Gushing and rippling on silver wing,
Its tiny wavelets shimmering bright,
Reflecting back transparent light.

The willows dipping near its bank
Bow their heads as if to thank
The water for its cooling breeze,
Which waves and flutters all the trees.

MARY WILLIAMS (Low. Va).

OUR LOCAL BULL FIGHT.

I was coming home from school one day when I saw a bullock charging down the road ; it jumped over a hedge and went into a garden. The men from the Abattoir eventually got it into a field near the house where there were some cows. A few days later a lorry drove into the field and started to circle round the bullock. Inside the lorry were two men with shot guns, while another man stood by with a Humane-killer, and a third with a shotgun. Round and round went the lorry until the bullock was separated from the cows then—BANG, BANG. The bullock rolled over. Up it got and fell again ; this time the man with the Humane-killer ran and quickly put the gun to the bullock's head. It gave a few sudden jerks and then lay still. The bullock was so big that the men had to send for a tractor to pull it into the lorry.

D. BURDEN (Low. IVa).

'LIZA.

—(*an appreciation*).

She was a beautiful creature, as bright and sunny as the morning on which she was born. That was back in 1935—on a bright May morning. What a welcome she received, every member of the family was there to meet her, admire her and spoil her.

There is no doubt about it, she is a charming creature, even now, but in those days she was unmarred by the hint of waywardness and, perhaps stubbornness, that has lately seemed to have become a part of her. She was that type of person, who

in her young days was always the centre of attraction. People were attracted by her beautiful colouring and the ease and grace with which she moved.

Although she was a great friend to everyone, no one could have been more loyal than she to us. Her one aim in life was to please us, and this I am glad to say is still her motto. Mark you, I don't say that she does not sometimes disappoint us. On one occasion she was nearly the cause of a dear relation's death ; this, although partly because of her rebellious nature, was also due to the insulting remarks of a jealous female who happened to be passing. She was forgiven, as usual, and within a few days her bright sunny smile was seen about the place again.

The years wore on and 'Liza began to grow up and become more stable. In her seventh year she was forced to have an operation and we reluctantly waved good-bye to her, hoping against hope that she would soon return as loyal as ever. It was a major operation requiring the removal of a failing organ and its replacement by a sounder one.

She returned to us as we had hoped, a much happier person, and thus for the next two years there was not a happier family to be seen than 'us and little Liza Jane."

The greatest moment of her life came in 1940, when she was caught in a London Air-raid, and had the wearing task of carrying injured victims to hospitals. In all she carried twenty people and now her happiest days are spent recounting these tales to an admiring audience.

But she had had her day—the years began to tell on her and she was wilting before our eyes : once again she had to have the same operation, this time being a trifle more serious—as is natural in old age.

But lucky for us Liza is still with us, and we would not part with her for all the loud-voiced, glamorous females in the world. She will stay with us, a revered member of the family, a faithful servant if ever there was one, until the day when her final call comes and she is transported with great ceremony to her last resting place.

She is as always, our friend, our helpmate, our trusted servant, our Car !

MARY ROWLAND (VI.).

AN AUTUMN EVENING.

Where the lane twists through the wood,

Twisting, twining, never stopping ;

The squirrel lies there very snug,

While up and down the rabbits are popping.

While the sun sinks in the west,

Blackbirds and Sparrows hunt for scraps,

The Dormouse prepares for its long winter's rest,

While the farmer's dog on our front door taps.

B. WATTON (IIIb).

A TRUE TAIL.

Have you heard the story of the three blind mice? (At least I presume they were blind). No! Then I will tell you.

My Auntie, a farmer's wife discovered that there were mice in the storeroom. And, having broken the carving knife on last week's lamb joint—the butcher called it lamb—she procured three mouse-traps. After having baited them she waited. On the third night she found three mouse-tails in the traps. She baited them again, and waited. And lo and behold again on the third night she found three mice—without tails.

PAULINE HOLMES (Upp. IVa).

AUTUMN.

Now that summer's gone at last,
Autumn leaves are falling fast;
Red, Yellow, Orange and Brown,
All at once come whirling down.

Hedges are bright with hips and haws,
The Robin hops about our doors,
The Squirrel hides his nut away
Ready for a wintry day.

FRANCES HIGHMAN (Low. Va).

THE SPIFFE.

(With many apologies to Chaucer).

A Spiffe was he, and komme from ferre;
He tolde us he hadde in a grette werre
Foughten: and now, to erne his bredde,
Was making halfe-crauwns oute of melten ledde.
"A Spiffe am I," quod he, "I swindel for to live,
Do or be donne, that is the mottoe of the Spiffe!"

When he hadde dronk and eaten to his fille,
Came he to me and seyde, "I meane no ille,
But will yow lende me moneys? Saye
One hondred pounde, withe which I wille thiss daye
Speculate on whatte speede a horse kon ronne,
And winne a thauwsande pounde, ere sette of Sun!"

Harrow! Allas! I han seyen him notte since,
When thinkinge on my folishnesse, I wince,
And seye I to mysel, an easye waye to live
Is swindellinge and chisellinge, like a Spiffe.
And so I telle yow, menne and maydens alle,
A Spiffe cometh always afore a falle!

B. JONES (Upp. Va).

OLLA PODRIDA.

No one, remarks a member of the Art Sixth, can die without being mortified.

'Biology—how pants prepare for winter' is the latest from G.K.

The Civil Service, writes I.O., employs a dense Staff.

A young scientist, unravelling the intricacies of the human body, found the heart to be a 'comical structure.'

J. H. found Prince Edward was born on page 100.

Our young scientist made the further discovery that blood had red corporals in it.

On Polling Day, according to B.J., people put a cross on a form or ballard and put it in a box.

The plant was left sitting in the sun, states one of the Biology Sixth.

What dangers dictionaries are !

I see the dripping trees= Je vois les arbres grasses de rôti.

(N.B.—grasse de rôti=beef dripping.)

That wise man=Un de la maniere homme.

(N.B. de la maniere=in that wise.)

A member of the English Sixth informs us that "X is by himself in there with someone."

Join the miners, says G.V.A., and see the underworld.

INCIDENT.

I didn't know at first what had wakened me. I crept out of bed and glanced out of the window. I peered into the garden and thought I saw a shadowy figure creeping stealthily up the lawn and up to the house. I waited and listened. I heard someone prizing up the drawing-room window.

"Ah! someone after the Crown Derby tea-set," I thought. Cautiously I stole round to the fireplace and armed myself with a poker. Then I crept on to the landing. No sound came from below; so I assumed that the intruder was making full use of the carpets. Very slowly I crept downstairs. I was almost at the bottom when I put my foot on the stair that creaked. It made a noise which I thought would surely waken the dead. I heard the soft pad of footsteps in the dining-room. I turned and was ready to bolt should the intruder appear. I got to the bottom of the stairs and suddenly remembered I had to pass the dining room before I could dial "999." Here the carpets helped me. I walked swiftly along. Then, horror of horrors, the door of the dining room was open. I gripped the poker and crept on. I got safely past the door without mishap and dashed to the library where the 'phone was. I dialled '999' and reported, *sotto voce*, about the intruder.

Then I decided to settle this business for once and for all. I marched to the door of the dining-room. As I got there a cheery voice called out "Why, hello, Johnny!"

I did feel a fool explaining to the police that the intruder was my brother Derek, who had returned home unexpectedly, and, unable to make anyone hear, had had to break in.

A. L. HUNT (Low. Va).

THINKING.

One hour I sat, and tried to think,
Then scribbled on with pen and ink.

I thought, and thought and thought in vain,
And then I thought I'd try again.

Alas! I cried, I've nothing new,
What shall I do, without a clue.
So I thought I had better put it away,
And try again some other day.

JOAN HOPKINS (Upp. IVb).

RELATIONS.

Would you like to come with me this holiday to visit some relations? I will tell you something about them so that you can decide.

First of all there is Great-Uncle Sam. He is talking away happily one minute and the next he is fast asleep in his chair, snoring. Then he wakes up suddenly and goes on where he left off as though nothing had happened. Next comes Uncle Michael. He never stops talking. He talks so much that people can go out of the room and he never notices but still goes on talking. He is usually late for meals because he stays talking to someone. Great Aunt Priscilla's jaw has a habit of cracking when she is eating. If you hear something going "crack! crack! crack!" you will know that it is only Aunt Priscilla's jaw.

Cousin Betty has a habit of wearing odd shoes and stockings. Her hair is always untidy. She loves playing tricks on people. So beware! There is one person on whom she does not play tricks and he is Uncle Bert. He is very quiet and will sit for a whole evening watching and listening, but never saying a word, quite happily. Aunt Mabel is a busy person. She is here, there and everywhere at once. She has her little son, Brian, with her always and he is usually very much out of breath with hurrying after her.

These are only a few of the Relations and I hope they have not put you off. The others you will see when you come!

BARBARA DRULLER (Upp. IVa).

THAT MAGAZINE ARTICLE !

It is Sunday afternoon—the last day of the half-term holiday. With a weary sigh I reach for my satchel. There is homework to be finished. As I sit at the table a sickening thought comes to my mind—I must write a Magazine Article. What am I to write ? I cannot write poetry, my mind becomes a complete blank, I cannot think of anything suitable.

“ But you must write something,” a small irritating voice in my head keeps saying.

“ What can I write ? What ? ” I cry out in despair. “ Can I write about the weather—the rain ? ”

“ No, that has been done before, and besides it’s so commonplace,” persists that nagging little voice, “ Go on, write something, anything.”

“ Oh ! well,” I say to myself, “ it will have to be the usual school magazine stuff ; something about a cat or a dog or what I did when I went to London last week-end. But I must make a mark on the paper.”

“ I should think so, too.” The little voice says crossly. “ Make some mark other than those ridiculous little blots with top-hats and walking-sticks.” I ignore this and try desperately to think of something. My mind scuttles round and round like a rabbit in a trap. There is no opening through which I can escape. Already there are two chewed and broken pencils lying on the table—how many will there be when I have finished ?

“ If I don’t get an inspiration soon, I shall go mad,” I scream to the world in general. The family looks on in sympathy. Then ! “ If you go mad, then you can write about that,” remarks an intelligent person quite hopefully. I reward this remark with what I hope is a withering glance, and return to my chewing of pencils. Silence reigns, only to be broken by a sentimental voice singing an even more sentimental song. The wireless has been turned on.

“ For heaven’s sake, turn that off,” I yell, tearing my hair out in lumps. I remain poised in that position for a few minutes, then, plunging my pen in the ink I begin to write this article. My inspiration has come, and I hope you like it.

DOROTHY ROSE (VI.).

A RAINY DAY.

Pit Pat, Pit Pat, down the window pane,
Pit Pat, Pit Pat, falls the heavy rain ;
People are walking down the street,
With rubber galoshes on their feet.

Motor cars go splashing by,
Trams and buses, too ;
I would like to go out in the rain,
Wouldn’t you ?

STEPHANIE BEAUCHAMP (IIIa).

MY PAL.

My little dog is black and tan,
 With just a patch of white ;
 She romps and plays the whole day long,
 And revels in a fight.
 She always follows me around,
 And never leaves my side.
 As we return she leaps and bounds,
 A long walk we have tried.
 Although she's not a pure-bred dog,
 And didn't cost a lot,
 I couldn't bear to lose her now,
 She's the best pal I've got.

EILEEN CRADDOCK (Low. IVb).

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

Now that Christmas is drawing near,
 We think of joy and Christmas cheer,
 Sleigh bells ringing as we go,
 Gliding softly across the snow.
 The Church bells ring out clear and bright,
 The choir sings carols with delight,
 We've decorated the Church so gay,
 For this we know is a Festive Day.
 The snowflakes form a carpet white,
 The robin chirrup with delight,
 The sky is dark and all is still,
 This is the time for Peace and Goodwill.

EILEEN LAWRENCE (Low. Va).

TENNIS GOLD MEDAL TOURNAMENT.

In the first series of matches in this tournament, played in 1919, the winner received a gold brooch. From 1920 to 1939, a gold medal was presented to the winner, and a silver medal to the other finalist. In 1940 and subsequent years, Savings Certificates have been presented instead of medals. The following is the list of successful competitors :—

1919	Dorothy Winnett.	1934	Winifred Wright.
1920	Violet Bunting.	1935	Kathleen Collins.
1921	Gwendolen Edkins.	1936	Irene Ison.
1922	Meryl Thomas.	1937	(No award).
1923	Meryl Thomas.	1938	Irene Ison.
1924	Meryl Thomas.	1939	Dorothy Horseman.
1925	Meryl Thomas.	1940	Dorothy Horseman.
1926	Elizabeth Thomas.	1941	Marjorie Crompton.
1927	Elizabeth Lane.	1942	Doreen Villers.
1928	Barbara Wells.	1943	Doreen Villers.
1929	Olivia Lane.	1944	Elizabeth Adams.
1930	Margaret Lane.	1945	Noreen Nash.
1931	Margaret Lane.	1946	Sheila Summerhill.
1932	Margaret Lane.	1947	Joyce Garner.
1933	Winifred Wright.		

OXFORD EXAMINATIONS, 1947.

In the examinations held in July, the following candidates were successful :—

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

Group 2 (Modern Studies) :— M. Budden, D. Eadie (distinction in History), E. G. Gray (distinction in English), Z. M. Mason, S. D. Woolley.

Group 3 (Science and Mathematics) :—J. H. Gittus, H. E. Hadwen, D. W. Wood.

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

A. T. Bannister (2 credits) ; C. A. Bartlett (3 credits) ; M. A. Compston (5 credits) ; R. B. Davies (5 credits) ; G. R. Drinkwater (3 credits) ; R. E. Evans (7 credits) ; J. M. Garner (4 credits) ; G. A. Goddard (1 credit) ; B. R. Harris (4 credits) ; *L. V. Hartwell (6 credits) ; B. M. Heighway (1 credit) ; *J. Holifield (8 credits) ; †*C. J. E. Kempster (9 credits) ; J. S. Mole (1 credit) ; M. J. Norris (6 credits) ; *D. A. Rose (6 credits) ; M. Rowland (3 credits) ; *J. A. Savage (6 credits) ; *S. M. Shore (8 credits) ; D. Thompson (7 credits) ; P. K. Wainwright (6 credits) ; A. R. Wood (2 credits) ; D. M. Woods (4 credits) ; *M. P. Young (8 credits).

*Qualified to claim exemption from London University Matriculation Examination.

†First in examination : awarded the " Spencer " Cup.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

Secretary : Steveni.

Committee : Budden, McCarthy i, J. Preston, S. Goulbourne, Savage i.

The Debating Society, which flourished for so long under the able chairmanship of Miss Evans, has been continued this term, and the first meeting was held on Wednesday, October 22nd, at 4 p.m., under the chairmanship of Miss Young. The Motion was " This house is of the opinion that films have an adverse effect upon public welfare." Budden and Steveni were the Proposers, and McCarthy i and S. Shore were the Opposers.

The debate was quite well attended, over thirty being present, as well as several members of the Staff.

The Motion was defeated by seventeen votes to nine.

It is hoped to hold another meeting before the end of term.

M.S.

THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The School Dramatic Society has started very well under the supervision of the English Staff. We had one reading, the one-act play : " Mr. Sampson." Hill i, Jennifer Birch and Mary Williams read the parts of Mr. Sampson, Catherine, and Cardine, respectively. We hope that this will be the first of many enjoyable readings.

McCARTHY ii.

NATIONAL SAVINGS.

The total of the Savings from March 31st to September 30th of this year was most disappointing, being only £37 1s. 0d., which gives a weekly average of £2 12s. 11d. The weekly average from September 30th to date is slightly better, being £3 9s. 10½d., but there has been a considerable drop from the figures for the corresponding period of last year.

As your Honorary Secretary I have to enter on the half-yearly return the number of members in the Group. For a School, this comprises the number on the School register. I was ashamed to submit a form stating that 326 members saved £37 1s. 0d. over a period of six months! On the weekly average, this is barely twopence per week per pupil. Can you not raise it to sixpence, or even a shilling?

Sir Harold Mackintosh, Commissioner for National Savings, stated in a recent broadcast that two shillings per week per head of the population would add £5,000,000 a week to the National figures. Excess spending is causing inflation, and the value of the pound becomes less and less. It is essential for the welfare of our country that this tendency should be checked. A corresponding increase in Savings would be an effective aid. The words of Sir Harold Mackintosh may help to show you how true this is.

The National Savings Movement is a non-party movement, being supported by Socialists and Conservatives alike, and it cannot be sufficiently stressed that the National Savings Movement is an important corrective against inflation.

I am sorry to lecture you on Economics, but I do feel that if this country is to recover its equilibrium it can only do so by its own efforts, and in those efforts I should be proud to help the pupils of this School to play their part.

Miss YOUNG, *Hon. Sec.*

WINTER.

It's winter, chilly blows the wind,
Other seasons are left behind;
Gone are the swallows from the eaves,
Hidden the autumn's fallen leaves
By winter's garb of snow.

It's winter, temperatures are low,
We waken to a world of snow.
How often we sit round the fire,
Till roasted to our heart's desire,
In winter's dreary stay.

It's winter, when to school we hurry
And straightway to the warm pipes scurry.
When games are stopped by snow and sleet,
And chilblains cover hands and feet;
It's winter come once more.

JOSEPHINE FINDON (Upp. Va).

FOOTBALL.

Captain : McCarthy i.
Vice-Captain : Budden.

Secretary : Adkins i.
Committee Member : Hill i.

As usual the team has lost about half its players, and has had to rebuild anew. A number of good games have been played so far this term. At Redditch the team had most of the territorial advantage but lacked forward punch. A very clean but robust match with St. Nicholas Guild ended in the School winning by 5-3, a fine achievement considering the other team is a regular League side, and had its supporters out in full cry. As this was the forwards best match, so the match with Evesham produced a fine defensive display, and, although the Evesham forwards deserved the goals, the defence had very bad luck with at least two of them. The Chipping Campden match produced a hard fought game on a heavy pitch, and the result of 3-1 was quite fair on the run of the play.

RESULTS.

A.G.S. v. Redditch C.H.S. (Away)	Lost	0-3
v. St. Nicholas Guild (Home)	Won	5-3
v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (Home)	Lost	1-4
v. Chipping Campden G.S. (Away)	Won	3-1
v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (Home)	Won	8-2
v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (Away)	Lost	1-5
<i>Sides Matches</i> :—Tomtits 4, Jackals 2; Brownies 8, Tomtits 1. Brownies 7, Jackals 0.		

W.P.M.

NETBALL.

Captain : J. Preston. *Vice-Captain* : J. Savage.
Secretary : M. Rowland.

This term each team has had only one Netball Match, but after our coaching by Miss Hewitt and Miss Johnson, both teams held their own.

There have been very few changes in the first team, but most of the second team members are new. On Tuesday and Friday the lunch hour practices are held and the team members practice enthusiastically.

The School this term has been represented by the following :
1st VII. : J. Savage, M. Rowland, J. Kerby, D. Bailey, S. Leech, V. Stallard, J. Preston.

2nd VII. : V. Smith, S. Goulbourne, J. Holder, B. Jaques, M. Southwick, N. Wilkinson.

RESULTS.

A.G.S. 1st VII. v. Redditch C.H.S. 1st VII (Home)	Won	12-7
A.G.S. 2nd VII. v. Redditch C.H.S. 2nd VII. (Home)	Drawn	11-11
J.P.		

HOCKEY.*Captain* : J. Preston.*Secretary* : M. Rowland.

This term we are pleased to welcome Miss Hewitt and Miss Johnson, who have enthusiastically entered into the re-organisation of the Hockey Teams.

Up till now the results have been disappointing, but with the continuance of the fine weather we hope to remedy this. The results of the first matches against Bromsgrove were promising but the following match against Redditch dashed our hopes. As we have several matches later in the term we hope to be more successful.

Sides matches are arranged for the first three weeks after half-term.

The School this term has been represented by :—1st XI., V. Smith, A. Hemming, J. Wyatt, S. Leech, S. Goulbourne, B. Jaques, S. Shore, D. Bailey, M. Canning, J. Preston, M. Rowland.

2nd XI. : J. Aspinwall, V. Jaques, J. Holder, N. Wilkinson, J. Holder, A. Rutter, J. Kerby, R. Kinneresley, B. Heighway, A. Perkins, A. Rogers.

RESULTS.

A.G.S. 1st XI.	<i>v.</i> Bromsgrove C.H.S. (Home)	Drawn	3—3
	<i>v.</i> Redditch C.H.S. (Home)	Lost	3—10
	<i>v.</i> Ragley Ladies (Away)	Lost	2—3
	<i>v.</i> Worcester C.H.S. (Away)	Lost	3—6
	<i>v.</i> Evesham P.H.G.S. (Away)	Won	5—2
	<i>v.</i> Bromsgrove C.H.S. (Away)	Drawn	0—0
A.G.S. 2nd XI.	<i>v.</i> Bromsgrove C.H.S. (Home)	Lost	0—5
	<i>v.</i> Redditch C.H.S. (Home)	Lost	2—3
	<i>v.</i> Worcester C.H.S.	Drawn	1—1
	<i>v.</i> Evesham P.H.G.S. (Away)	Won	4—2
	<i>v.</i> Bromsgrove C.H.S. (Away)	Lost	0—1

Sides Matches :—Jackals 5, Tomtits 4 ; Jackals 3, Brownies 2.
Brownies 2, Tomtits 1.

M.R.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Per Copy : ONE SHILLING.

By post : THREE SHILLINGS, Post Free, payable in advance, for any three consecutive issues.

THE HEMINGTON PAPER CO. LTD.
WOLVERHAMPTON.
